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To

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Alice G. Rhodes.

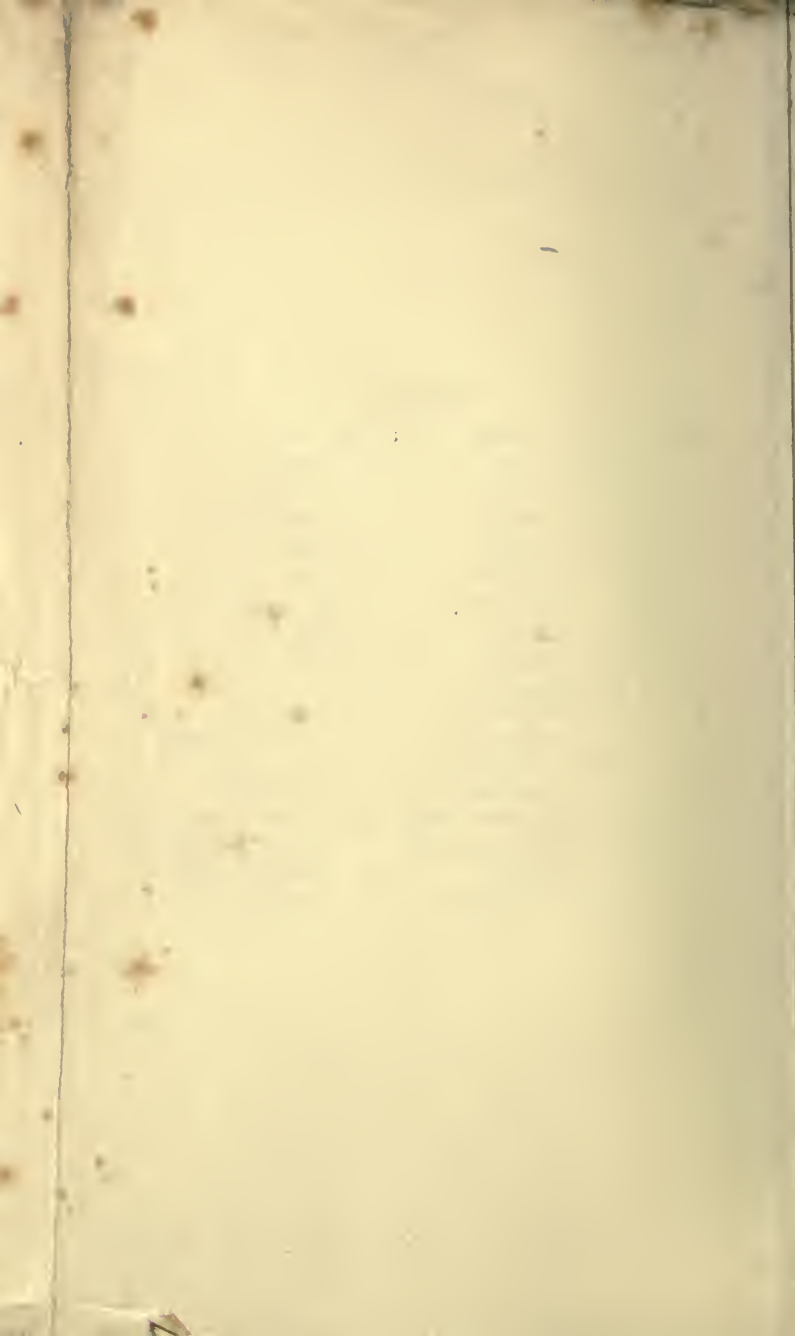
March 13th 1920.



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ERRATA.

| | | |
|--|-----------|----------------------|
| Page 5, Verse 4, "thrill" | should be | "trill." |
| „ 5, Verse 4, "for" | „ | "forth." |
| „ 6, line 13, "Deniol" | „ | "Deiniol." |
| „ 9 „ 9, "arts" | „ | "hearts." |
| „ 18 „ 1, "1916" | „ | 1906. |
| „ 26 „ last, "1900" | „ | 1909 |
| „ 32 „ 18, (Lytham) | „ | Torquay. |
| „ 32 „ last, "send" | „ | sent. |
| „ 36 „ 6, "eath" | „ | "earth." |
| „ 36 date of publica- tion omitted | „ | April, 1912. |
| „ 37 „ "April, 1912" | „ | November, 1912. |
| „ 42 date of publica- tion omitted. | „ | March, 1913. |
| „ 52 „ November "26th" | „ | November 23rd. |
| „ 52 „ omitted (at end) | „ | November 23rd, 1916. |
| „ 53 „ omitted | „ | November, 1917. |
| „ 59, line 28, "legandary" | „ | "legendary." |







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POEMS

BY

ALICE G. RHODES.



DEDICATED TO

MY DEAR

FATHER AND MOTHER.

916692

MY MOTTO.

(Composed circa, 1890).

—

Truth will stand whate'er befall,
Truth will conquer over all.

SPRING.

Oh! Spring! Oh! lovely Spring!
 In all thy beauteous charms do we rejoice,
 And e'er delight to welcome thy dear voice
 With longing hearts and ever-watchful list'n'ing.
 When earth throws off her wintry garb of white,
 Then everything bursts forth with new delight
 To lovely growth; in brightest radiance glist'ning.
 Oh! Spring! Oh! charming Spring!

Oh! Spring! Oh! hopeful Spring!
 The happy watchword for a plenteous year,
 Which bids us hope, not deigning aught to fear,
 Throughout the days and months that are forth-
 coming.
 Awaken'd life in all the joy of youth
 Must join in shewing forth that Nature's truth
 Doth now assert itself in garb becoming
 To Spring! Oh! cheerful Spring!

Oh! Spring! Oh! happy Spring!
 The birds in sweetest notes now sing to thee
 Their rippling melodies from budding tree,
 Or like the lark to heav'nward turn their singing,
 While here below earth shines with flowers so bright
 As stars from heaven had come in the day-light,
 Some message of true life to mortals bringing
 In Spring! Oh! wond'rous Spring!

Oh! Spring! Oh! joyous Spring!
 An emblem of our lives in thee we find,
 How darkest seasons may be left behind,
 And life be ever towards the harvest flowing.
 While every year new beauties do unfold
 Their loveliness. Yet still remains untold
 The wond'rous depth of Nature's rich bestowing
 Of Spring! Oh! glorious Spring!

March, 1889.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

Each year, and day, and moment, as it goes,
 Doth add its record to the list of those
 Which went before, to tell of progress new,
 Some battle won, in science or in art,
 Some new invention may have been a part
 Of clearer vision in a wiser few.

The work of every man is to provide
 A wave of pleasure in the rushing tide
 Of life. In hardest toil may come this thought,
 That some will realise a great delight
 By following their own duty's call aright
 To gain possession of the work he wrought.

Man works with man, how sweet the concord proves,
 If one with heart and soul the other loves.
 Each one, with purpose fixed and standard high,
 Will surely lengthen progress' pathway, tho'
 The stores of fruitful wealth he may not know
 In the small star he chanced to descry.

May not a few men's lives thereby be blest?
 Where influence of good works takes its rest
 We know not, or if ever such a thing
 Could come to pass, for naught is lost to sight.
 If ne'er so small the deed, the motive's right
 'Twill counted be in our world's reckoning.

As light from heavenly bodies on their way
 Take time, and reach us at some distant day,
 So wisdom from its high remotest source
 Cast faintest glimmers through long ages past,
 Then each ray gathers more, till at the last
 A cloud of light descends the downward course.

Yet it is upward that the progress moves
 As each discovered wonder clearly proves
 That to a height beyond all ken of man
 Progression aims, not with a sudden blow,
 But wheel in wheel, revolving in a slow
 Rotation. This the universal plan.

As now we see how far advanced we are
 From what we were, so may be change as far
 Between the present and a future time.
 The high estate to which the progress leads
 We call perfection. But that blest state needs
 A Power beyond, which is o'er all sublime.
 April 17th, 1892,

OUR WINTER SONGSTER.

Sing on! Sing on! my little friend,
 Sing all day long,
 And I a list'ning ear will lend
 Unto the very end
 Of thy sweet song.

The trees have lost their wealth of green
 And tinted leaves.
 Now but a desert drear is seen
 Where late has been
 Harvests of sheaves.

Yet when upon a branch so bare
 Shines thy red-breast,
 A glow of warm hue centres there;
 A sight so fair
 Obscures the rest.

A note, a thrill, a harmony
 Of music sweet
 Comes from that leaf-deserted tree,
 Sent for by thee
 The world to greet.

Robin! To some thy song is sad,
 Not so to me.
 Thou'rt come a happiness to add
 With song so glad
 So clear, so free!

When other birds have taken flight,
 Red-breast, Welcome!
 In season dull—thy-self so bright
 Thou in delight
 Mak'st England home.

October 18, 1893.

ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY.

Within the bound'ry of our British shore
 One generous heart and noble soul—whose name
 Will live immortal with our country's fame—
 Has placed on record here for evermore
 The wealth of many minds, a wondrous store.
 And one small corner Yorkshire begs to claim,
 To pay a tribute of esteem,—its aim,
 Mem'ry to one, while serving many more.
 For, every thirsty soul, enquiring mind,
 Yea, all in search of knowledge, even those
 Who from the busy world seek calm repose,
 A haven in St. Deniol's will find.
 Where Nature's sweet surroundings may compose
 With highest thought a harmony combined.

April, 1895.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Reprinted from the "Brighthouse News," Oct. 10th,
1896.)

A Christian city once! The very pride
Of Him whose name she bears, that name but
now
A mockery of her former glory. How
Distinctly comes the echo on the tide
Of these long years—such stirring strains abide;
It is the voice of history, to avow
That once that Roman city's noble brow
Would frown, and present state of things deride.

Constantinople fell. Her fall was great.
Before the Mussul fell the Empire's might,
And Christians in the East dark clouds did sight,
Which since have gathered gloom till such a weight
Of heavy darkness must give way to light.
Oh! Wake! Constantinople! ere too late.

Oct. 6th, 1896.

MASSACRE IN ENGLAND.

(Reprinted from the "Brighthouse News," Nov. 23th,
1896.)

Around us fall the victims day by day!

Completely crushed beneath the Tyrant's hand,
The strength and beauty of our English land,
Plundered and often ruined by the way.

Strong Drink the monster, merciless in sway,
Blighting youth's precious hopes with fiery brand,
Nor can the prime of life its power withstand,
And honoured age sinks into sad decay.

Oh! England! Make Thy honour fair to see.

Clear now Thy conscience from this guilty stain,
How cans't Thou noble be if it remain?

Strike down the reign of Drink which fetters Thee,
And keeps in slavery Thy whole domain,
Break now Thy bonds and set Thy people free!

Nov. 24th, 1896.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DR. F. R. LEES.

(Reprinted from the "Brighouse News," June 19th,
1897.)

In silent message came the solemn call.

Empty the chair, his voice no longer heard.

Those sonorous tones! How often they have
stirred

The arts and minds of men and women! All

His efforts were to seek the Truth, befall

What might; and having found, he e'er preferred

To pass the knowledge on to those who erred:

Thus Right, in place of Wrong, he sought to install.

His life-long work will live, and labour on

In the good cause to him so much endeared,

For though the hand that penned the words is gone,

The thoughts expressed will never say 'farewell!'

But with his noble presence ever dwell

In memory loved, and honoured, and revered.

June, 1897.

THE ENEMY WITHIN THE GATES.

We are loyal to our countrymen, we British, so we say;
 We would not have our fellowmen oppressed;
 We are up in arms directly if we see the despot's
 sway,
 The wrongs must be immediately redressed.

The women, and the children too, are treasures in the
 fold,
 To be shielded from all suffering with our might.
 So we send out big battalions of our stalwart men and
 bold,
 To hasten with all speed to put things right.

But the enemy within our gates is wholly overlooked,
 His forts are strong in every town we have;
 And yet his rule, so merciless, in open day is brooked,
 The white man is allowed to be his slave.

When we see a man inebriated, reeling in the street,
 Do we treat him as a brother in despair?
 Are the women and the children cherished with a love
 so sweet?
 Are they shielded from the sin and from the snare?

A few there are who volunteer this enemy to dare,
 Who give their strength and lives the Drink to cow;
 No rank promotion do they seek, no stars nor crosses
 wear,
 Nor any laurels twined upon the brow.

And yet they are in earnest to protect our country's
 right;
 To save her from the danger of a fall;
 May her footsteps soon be guided out of darkness into
 light,
 For the honour of our Empire touches all.

November 23rd, 1899.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS AND PICTURES.

PART I.

Although my books stand silently upon their stately
shelves,

I know their latent eloquence, and where
The cream of many noble thoughts lies hid within
themselves,

The Annals of the world recorded there.

My volumes readily disclose the pleasures they can
give,

According to my fancy or my need
Of timely counsel, brave example, stirring narrative,
Companions of a priceless worth indeed!

Like those dear friends we love so well of heart so
large and true,

Who feel our joys and sorrows like their own;
They may be friends of many years, and yet for ever
new,

Because their love is never fully known.

PART II.

My pictures too hang noiselessly upon the lofty walls,
Their subjects at a glance one may command;
But closer study of the finer workmanship recalls
The skilful touches of the master hand.

And every canvas bears its special charm or mark of
grace

Portraying nature, or historic scene;
Some strangely sweet expression of a finely moulded
face,

Or quiet pastoral refreshing green.

They seem to me like constant friends who fill the
atmosphere

With life-imparting cheerful, sweet content,
Who cast a glowing radiance all around their little
sphere,

And make life happier by their good intent.

April 17th, 1901.

CHRISTMAS, 1901.

When around our household treasures
We twine the laurel sprays,
How we interweave the pleasures
Of many other days!
With the bright red holly berry
Again my wish appears,
For a Christmas glad and merry,
To link the happy years.

CHRISTMAS, 1902.

How can I wish you more than wish you well
This Christmas time?
And through the glad New Year
May joys and blessings more than I can tell,
In this short rhyme,
Your daily path draw near.

HOPE.

A SOUTH DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

How glorious is an early summer's day!

When eye can gaze upon the glittering sea,
And wavelets charm the ear with tuneful plea,
While inland lanes are thick with ferns and may.

We linger near a quiet little bay,

Then rising high above the grassy lea—

We step along the coastguard's path. Ah! see!
A stealthy mist surrounds us on our way.

But when the sky is clear and we behold

The beauty of the scene which lies before,—
Life's lesson once again by Nature told—

The prospect widens ever more and more,
While just below, 'twixt promontories bold,
Lies Hope, the haven close beside the shore.

June 4th, 1903.

CHRISTMAS, 1903.

When Christmas bells are ringing,
To welcome Christmas Day,
And joyous carol singing
Attunes the ancient lay,
Our hearts are stirred
With kindly word,
To all, good wishes bringing.

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

A clasp of the hand just to greet you and say,

With wishes sincerest and best,

A bright happy Christmas and glad New Year's Day,

Good health as the Old Year's bequest.

CHRISTMAS, 1905.

The festive time reminds me once again

Of all my friends, to bid you all good cheer,

In words so old, yet ever new the strain,

A happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

APRIL 17th, 1916.

An English April, with us once again,
Immortalized by Browning from abroad;
The month when Winter looses his domain,
And birds all welcome Spring with one accord.

An English garden, where the river flows,
And flowers bloom, and clinging ivy grows.
We look across the sea and think sometimes,
Of those fair Isles amid more southern climes,
With lofty palms. Then, looking at our feet
See little daffodils and say "How sweet!"

An English Birthday, may its brightness vie
With these fair flowers now all around in bloom.
Sweet in the memory of the years gone by,
And full of hope for many years to come.

CHRISTMAS, 1906.

Just a greeting by the way,
Since another year has flown.
Where the scythe of time has mown
What then can stay?

So I truly hope you may
Enter on the coming year
Joyfully, with gladness near
On Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS, 1907.

Oh! fleeting Time,
How swiftly do thy moments speed,
And hasten on through countless years
With gentle footsteps no one ever heard.

In merry chime
The New Year's dawn will be decreed,
And as the Old Year disappears
We'll mark its passing with a kindly word.

A PAIR OF PICTURES.

NOON.

See! there the little fishing boats go sailing one by one,
With sails all spread, for daily bread.
The tide is high, how grey the sky,
Which quite obscures the sun.

SUNDOWN.

See! here the little fishing boats come sailing one by
one,
With sails part furled, how calm the world.
The tide is low, in sunset's glow,
Their daily task is done.

Sept. 18th, 1908.

CHRISTMAS, 1908.

If I wish you joy and gladness
In the year that lies before,
With no shade of gloomy sadness
Marring all its precious store,
'Tis for friendship's sake my greeting
Thus expressed I send to you,
Hoping for your hope's completing
And success in all you do.

THE HECKMONDWIKE CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

How wonderful it is that words can be
 So perfectly constructed to express
 The actual meaning which our thoughts impress
 While passing through the mind. Again, we see
 The power to compile, in marked degree,
 Much knowledge which when handed to the press
 Becomes a book, to please, enlighten,—Yes,
 Perhaps an heirloom for posterity.

By added units is the building planned,
 So are its lining shelves made quite replete
 With volumes, one by one,—the accomplished feat,
 A treasure house indeed, for which each hand
 May hold a key. The Library complete,
 A monument of Literature shall stand.

July 1st, 1909.

JEDBURGH.

Dedicated to Mrs. BOYD, of Valley View.

Fair Jedburgh, sitting like a queen
 Enthroned among the hills,
So justly proud to reign between
The heights that circle her with green
 Refreshed by trickling rills.

The river Jed at her feet one sees
 As it winds, and curves, and plays
Around the banks, beneath the trees,
Under the bridges below the leas,
 Turning in numerous ways.

What of the noble Abbey, too,
 As it rises into space
Like a cameo gem of the rarest hue?
'Tis the finishing touch to a beautiful view
 Of a very delightful place.

In merit far, far beyond my poor song,
 Praises seem small, I ween,
Where memory dwells in romance so strong.
So, Jedburgh fair, may your days be long—
 Long live the Border Queen!

June 21, 1909.

THE CASTLE OF TIMPEN DENE.

Dedicated to Miss MARGARET N. OLIVER,
Abbey Grove.

We wandered through the Timpen Dene
This lovely morn in June;
The trees were hung with white and green
While birdies sang their tune.

There on a pretty, grassy knoll
A shady seat we found,
And gazed upon the ruined wall
Of Castle, moated round.

We pictured how, in days of old,
Some dame of High Degree
Might have some pretty story told
Beneath this very tree.

And that her Knight, a man so brave,
Might journey far and near,
But against all his foes would have
A trusty stronghold here.

We thought of all the many days
Between the now and then,
And wondered at the changing ways
Beyond our little ken.

June 16th, 1909.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

Dedicated to H.M. the QUEEN OF NORWAY
(Princess Maud of The British Empire.)

Full forty years their course have done,
And can it really be
So many twelvemonths since the one
Which first saw you and me?

Your natal day was world-wide known,
Born to a Royal part;
My wee corner was just my own,
In the fond parents' heart.

May happiness be yours serene,
The home and Throne to bless;
And though you reign as Norway's Queen,
Be ever our Princess.

Nov. 1900.

CHRISTMAS, 1909.

Twelve months are past,
Time's roll unwound.
Christmas at last
Always comes round.

Wishes for good,
No thought of ill.
Joy's livelihood
Be with you still.

A MINOR POET.

The gift of poesy like morning dew
Falls as it listeth, how, or when, or where,
A gleam, a flash, a sparkle, something new,
And lo! 'tis there.

Some lofty spirits wield the gift with power,
And by the pen their destination trace
To mighty fame, which neither sun nor shower
Can e'er deface.

May I have sung but one song like a lark
And cheered the hearts of some with its intent,
A minor poet? My high-water mark?
I am content.

April 17th, 1910.

SEPTEMBER SWALLOWS.

September is here and the Autumn advancing,
 The swallows preparing to leave us once more,
 Some instinct reminds them of climes more entrancing,
 They know will be found on some far distant shore.

Now sweeping and darting with swiftness enhancing,
 They practice the arts learnt in seasons before,
 Perhaps some are young ones in days of romancing,
 Here for the first time being instilled in the lore.

They circle the house tops quite free from mischancing,
 With longer durations each day to the fore,
 Then flit o'er the garden while far away glancing,
 As flight over sea is the problem in store.

These born aviators! now skimming, now prancing,
 Or planing close down to the ground, but to soar
 With curve of the wing which is no mere perchancing,
 They bid us "Good-bye," and we say "Au revoir."

September 18th, 1910.

CHRISTMAS, 1910.

Oh! the holly and the mistletoe and all the evergreen,
How they brighten up the dark December days!
While the Yule log glowing on the hearth throws out
its ruddy sheen,
To supplement the sun's declining rays.

So the frost ferns on the window-pane may sparkle in
the cold,
Or heavy snow-clouds threaten to burst out:
Yet if hearts within be cheery round the ingle as of
old,
It matters not how Winter storms without.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

This is the time when all men's weal
Lies at our hearts. The door
Set wide apart must there reveal
Sympathy for the poor.

And for the rich a kindly thought,
Helping life's burdens o'er.
To each and all "glad tidings" brought
"Good-will" for evermore.

IN MEMORIAM.

Cold, to-night, sounds the swish of the wave,
 Chill is the air, ah! me;
 My thoughts go out to the new-made grave
 Far away down in the sea.

They lost their lives at duty's call
 To keep our country free,
 By facing perils great or small,
 Oh! cruel, cruel sea!

E'en Royal hearts are sad once more
 By Ocean's fell decree;
 And women, too, on France's shore
 Are widowed by the sea.

When all is well on board we find
 Sailing a joy to be,
 But these disasters bring to mind
 Visions of "no more sea."

February 3rd, 1912.

(Lytham).

ROYAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Miss Rhodes, of Lytham, who is staying at 9, Abbey Crescent, sent a copy of last week's "Directory," containing her "In Memoriam" verses, to Queen Alexandra. She has received the following acknowledgment: "Miss Knollys has been commanded by Queen Alexandra to thank Miss Rhodes for the verses she kindly send for Her Majesty's perusal."

THE ECLIPSE.

Dedicated to my Father on the Occasion of his
Birthday, April 17th, 1912.

May all life's shadows from this day withhold
Their presence, or disperse, as quickly spent,
As an eclipse, amidst a firmament
Of cloudless peace, with joy for sun of gold.
This shadow on the sun in days of old
Most people's minds with terror well nigh rent,
Because they did not understand th'event
As natural phenomenon foretold.
While honouring your birthday we survey
The sun's eclipse devoid of doubt or fear,
O'er all our modern knowledge there is still
A veil of mystery. Behind 'tis clear;
And, to our comfort, there exists alway
The power of God's great Eternal will.

MISS C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

On the Anniversary of her Birthday, May 26th, 1912.

Daughter of a house of beauty
Which allied to greatness, duty,
Noble character and name;
Sealed on your distinguished features
Are the marks of God's high creatures,
Traces of a house of fame.

Yours a glorious inspiration
Rousing all our admiration
For your work of mind and hand;
Vivid scenes of "Fiery Fountains,"
Thrilling climbs on lofty mountains,
Tales from many a foreign land.

May this lilac in the morning
While your "Birthday Chair" adorning
Bring sweet childhood's happy days,
And the bright laburnum's golden
Links of "Memories" thus beholden
Gild life's evening with its rays.

TO MY DEAR MOTHER.

On the Anniversary of your Seventieth Birthday,
September 18th, 1912.

May this birthday bring you pleasure,
Happiness and joy,
While the things that most you treasure,
All your thoughts employ.

Comforts and good health surround you
This and many a year,
With the blessings all around you
That you hold most dear.

Three score years and ten have wandered
Down the fields of Time,
And have gracefully meandered
Through life's varied clime.

Oft the words that you have spoken,
Sown in fertile ground,
Have become a sign and token
Of the teaching sound.

May the good you've done to others
Aye return to you—
One among the best of Mothers,
Loving, kind, and true.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

Dedicated (By Permission) to Rosalind, Countess
of Carlisle.

Pure and unsullied as new driven snow,
Fair with the whiteness of the lily, gleams
O'er all the eath like sunshine's rarest beams,
The spotless honour of our little bow.
From high degree to poor estate and low,
No one too great, not one too small it deems.
Worn in the castle, cottage too beseems,
Through busy street, or by the still hedgerow.

Go, ribbon white! entwine the world around.
Carry thy message over land and sea.
Save from the drink all those within its snares,
Guide each aright who now the emblem bears.
So make a Paradise on earthly ground,
Fit for all time, as for Eternity.

THE WHITE RIBBON HOUR.

Only an hour!

Quickly the time goes by,
Swiftly the moments fly,
'Tis but an hour.

Just for an hour

Gladly to-day we meet,
For Temperance Truth is sweet
As a fair flower.

Even an hour

Filled with good thoughts may be
Calm 'midst life's stormy sea
When sin-clouds lower.

Oh! may this hour

Bright with pure rays of love,
Help to raise some above
Drink's fatal power.

Then will we our

Praise give to God for His
Blessing sent down on this
"White Ribbon Hour."

April, 1912.

TO LADY LAWSON.

In Remembrance of the Opening Ceremony, National
Temperance Alliance Bazaar, October 16th, 1912.

Not "for your name" alone, dear Lady, tho'
That is a name which you and yours may bear
With happy pride, the more since you can wear
Thus fittingly the mantle falling so;
But for your own sweet self, the welcome. Lo!
Your gracious words were borne upon the air
Of that vast hall, and lent your presence there
An added charm,—who saw and heard but know.
Long may you live! to keep the banner high
And help the cause its victory to gain,
For Temperance Truth is surely still the best.
Proud wave the pennons 'gainst th'ancestral sky,
While you and yours shall follow in the train
Of those who now have gone to take their rest.

CHRISTMAS, 1912.

'Tis not mere form my Christmas wish in gold,
For all your happiness this coming year,
Since as the Seasons constant reappear
So keeps the custom young though long grown old.
While round the hearth the merry tale is told
Of bold adventure or of kindly cheer,
Shall we forget that others far and near
Are lonely, full of suffering untold!

Nations may change, new Dynasties arise,
Commerce make progress, Science all astound,
And sister Arts their highest aims pursue,
To everyone some kinship must accrue
When Christmas brings us all on common ground.
In one another's welfare wisdom lies.

To Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn,
on Her Life's Work.

How many men and women of our race
By you are rescued from the curse of drink!
Drawn back to life when close upon the brink
Of ruin worse than death; brought face to face
Again with reason, till they lose all trace
Of evil days. How sad it is to think
That men, and women too, thus often sink
So very low as to forget God's grace!
Yours now it is to sing the reaper's song,
And bind within your thoughts the mighty sheaves
Of those blest lives who all through you have come
From Darkness into Light. Methinks among
The crowns there will be one of golden leaves
For you in the Teetotal Harvest Home.

February, 1913.

TO MY DEAR FATHER.

On his Seventieth Birthday, April 17th, 1913.

Of all your life this is the crowning day!
By retrospective vision through the past
You see a span of time distinctly cast
O'er seventy years. From early manhood, nay,
From youth, your energies soon found the way
To make success in business, while the vast
Reforms for country's welfare came not last
In point of interest where your efforts lay.
Along with joys of home, which e'er have been
Close intermingled with all other things,
May you some measure of award reclaim
From public progress wheresoe'er 'tis seen,
In knowledge of the fact that your life brings
Its service to the educative aim.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

They are very fair, your children, Oh! ye mothers of
our land,

They fill your home with all their little ways,
When you watch them in their play-time hours, or
take them by the hand
To tell them stories of your own young days.

And a future lies before them neither known to you
nor me,

Some battle to be fought, some work to do.
In your mind you often wonder what their course
perhaps may be,
Hoping for them all the blessings life has given
unto you.

Pleasure? Aye, true pleasure, surely, for we would
not have them sad,

But bright with health, and happiness, and love.
For you would do all within your power to make your
dear ones glad,
And from their path all wrong and harm remove.

So you would not touch the poison lurking in the fatal
cup?

No! resolutely put it from your hand,
That your memory may be blessed in the days when
they grow up,
For the sake of the dear children, Oh! ye mothers of
our land.

A REGAL AFTERNOON.

July 8th, 1913.

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Things seem not quite the same as other days,
Although the sun shines equally as fair
On many summer afternoons; and where
The elms stirred by the sea breezes' playful ways,
Show between leaves the clear bright slanting rays,
All is enriched with light and shade. Still there
Breathes an expectant something in the air,
While gay flags fly, a sign of holidays.
No traffic mars the road. But hark! a horn!
The Royal motor glides along in state.
A loyal welcome follows duly, and
King George's hat raised to the manner born,
Queen Mary's smile, her graceful wave of hand.
Their Majesties are passing by the gate.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS AGNES E. SLACK.

Through many lands you travel far and wide,
 'Neath summer sun, in winter storm and snow,
 Wearing on loyal heart our wee white bow
 That binds all nations which the seas divide.
 With gift of intellect God did provide
 Purpose and strength to use it thus—to show
 Great Temperance truths to those who could not know
 The higher life which drink doth ever hide.
 Give of your best to this our noble cause
 In future as you have done in the past,
 Then though you may receive some fair reward
 None can be fully adequate because
 You will have laboured on until the last,
 For Women in the World's march Heavenward.

October, 1913.

THE BRITISH WOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By land or on ocean
 (In air the next notion);
 By train, carriage, vessel, with sunshine or snow;
 Up mountain, down valley,
 O'er desert, through alley,
 I wear the white ribbon wherever I go.

Its silence is golden,
 For merely beholden
 It speaks every language that linguist can know.
 A constant appealing,
 Our precepts revealing,
 We wear the white ribbon wherever we go.

If some ask the meaning,
 What opportune gleanings
 For all British women, or seed-time to sow
 A true word for Temperance!
 Pray miss not this great chance
 To wear the white ribbon wherever you go.

Oh! when will all nations
 Discountenance rations
 Of Drink that was ever their bitterest foe?
 For God and our Homeland,
 Each stranger's and friend's land,
 I wear the white ribbon wherever I go.

June, 1914.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE WAR.

In workroom or the quiet home,
Swift needles click,
While fingers quick,
All busy, knit and sew for some
Brave countrymen away—
And while we work we pray.

In hospital by bed of pain,
With gentle care,
The wounded there
Return to health and strength again,
For service if they may—
And while we watch we pray.

The widow and the fatherless,
To help and cheer;
To welcome here
The refugees in dire distress.
We look for some glad day—
And while we hope we pray.

October, 1914.

OUR HEROES.

You are fighting for your country, for your homes
 and dear ones all,
 For honour's sake, for freedom and the right.
 Soldiers of our land
 Brave you take your stand
 Striving on the battlefield to-day.

You are compassing deep waters keeping guard
 whate'er befall,
 Defending Britain's Empire with your might.
 Sailors of the sea
 Brave as brave can be
 Sailing round the ocean far away.

You are riding in the sky above this great terrestrial
 ball,
 Resolved to put the enemy to flight.
 Aviators brave
 Risking life to save
 Flying through the air in full array.

December 1st, 1915.

(Copyright.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Born, April 23rd, 1564.

Died, April 23rd, 1616.

With ready quill for pensive mood or gay
The Bard of Avon held his grand review,
And marshalled forth the characters anew
As living beings, whether for display,
Important council, homely scene, or fray.
From Majesty to citizen he knew
The minds and hearts of men and women. Few
All types of human nature can portray.
Adaptability true British born
Was Shakespeare's special aptitude and aim.
An Englishman whom we are proud to own,
For laurels more deserved were never worn
Than those adorning him we now proclaim
The greatest dramatist the world has known.

April, 1916.

(Copyright.)

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Born April 21st, 1816.

Immortal Charlotte! Genius strangely rare!
How came such fiery character to dwell
Within a form so small, 'neath thinnest shell
Of calm exterior? Had our Yorkshire air
Some element which stirred within its lair
The latent spirit, fanned by breeze from fell
And moorland, woke to power? Ah! who can tell?
We only know the precious gift was there.
Mysterious sisters! Yet their daily lives
Were spent 'midst humble duties of the home,
Each one excelling in her own degree.
From lowly hearth to reach the gilded dome
Of fame their magic touch of pen contrives,
And Currer Bell stands highest of the three.

April, 1916.

TO MY DEAR PARENTS.

On the Occasion of Your Golden Wedding.

July 11th, 1866—July 11th, 1916.

The Golden Day is here, and now
Full half a century has passed away
Since morning dawned upon your Wedding Day
So long ago.

You wonder how
The time has flown thus swiftly on its way.

'Tis better so,
For like soft clouds that sweep the sky
All silently does time fly by.

Golden bells
Methinks are ringing
Through the air this summer morn.

Hark! the message they are bringing
Comes on wings ethereal borne.

First it tells
Of early childhood
School day memories glad and free
From care, as all young life
Knows nothing of the strife,
That follows all the dreams of youth
And comes with manhood,
Aye and womanhood (to utter truth
Well worn with repetition) too must see
The flower of life unfolding to the full.

Say,
 What age
 Would any choose to cull
 Blooms everlasting?
 Nay,
 Each stage
 Must slowly move while each one's own mould's casting.
 Then when you joined your hands
 With solemn vow prepared
 To seek the unknown land
 Of future days, you dared
 To face the elements of life's vicissitudes
 Together,
 Whether
 The valley of the shadow or high altitudes.
 And now the day of retrospect is here
 When you can view the past
 With satisfaction; time well spent
 In philanthropic duties to the last,
 A wider interest to the home has lent,
 A sweeter atmosphere.
 And now may joy go hand in hand with health,
 And glorious light all shadows chase away.
 May happiness be your chief store of wealth,
 And may
 The end of life be one long Golden Day.
 From Your Loving Daughter,

July 11th, 1916.

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

Died November 26th, 1616.

Friend of the great, wise counsellor of those
 Who made our England's greatness in the day
 When stately Queen Elizabeth held sway,
 (She welcomed every project as it rose
 To place her queendom higher than her foes.)
 The learned Hakluyt saw th' enlightened way
 To future glory, which brooks no delay
 In linking up past work with present throes.
 When that "new map" appeared upon the scene
 A wond'rous group would gather round its plane,
 Pointing where navigators' sails unfurled
 Had proudly waved their colours o'er the main,
 Rousing new zeal where old (or none) had been
 To colonize and civilize the world.

PROHIBITION.

(Copyright).

With one clean sweep of strong unflinching hand,
One powerful stroke, one mighty spoken word,
The greatest blessing that has e'er been heard
Might be pronounced broadcast throughout our land.
If but the people, gathered with a band
Of purpose clear, no longer so deferred
This action, and were in one mind concurred,
No evil could their veto then withstand.
Were but our country freed from all strong drink,
And traffic countenanced therein no more!
Oh! Rise, true Britons! Pray reflect, and think
How great the boon to Britain you would bring.
So keep the old pledge firm for evermore,
"Nor touch, nor taste, nor handle" this dread thing.

IN MEMORY OF LAWRENCE E.
RHODES.

KILLED IN ACTION, EASTER, 1918.

He liked not war nor deemed that it could be
Pleasing in God's sight,
Yet gave his life for others, manfully
Fighting the good fight.
And we shall ever think of him as one
Honoured, loved by all,
Crowned with those laurels he so bravely won,
Facing the great call.

THE TOLL OF VICTORY.

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Write each name among the others
How he died a noble death,
For in death all men are brothers
Closing life with fleeting breath.
But these lives were freely given
For their country and their King:
How they manfully have striven
Is the song the victors sing.

" 'Tis not death" said one "that matters,
It is how we live that counts."
Though the field red gore bespatters,
White the soul that upward mounts.
From some distant grave comes stealing
Music which the soft winds bring,
Solemn notes an echo pealing
To the song the victors sing.

November 11th, 1918.

EXIT TYRANNIS.

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The lesson of all ages still presents
Itself: relentless dominating might
Can never conquer justice and the right.
No tyranny prevails (it oft repents),
Whether proceeding from austere ascents
Of individual autocratic height,
Or wild unruly mobs who merely fight
For mastery of animal intents.
We know full well that leaders there must be
To guide earth's nations, setting forth the way
Which wisdom's wary footsteps ever trod;
But each soul shares responsibility,
None may assert unduly power or sway,
For all must bow before the will of God.

November 11th, 1918.

IN THE WAKE OF ANCIENT GREATNESS.

Dedicated to the Memory of The I vernia. A Cruise
in the Mediterranean, 1914.

Saturday, March 7th

Embarked from Britain's sea-bound shores there lies
behind

All that is held most dear, our glorious heritage
Of greatness, written on the never-fading page
Named "Time," impressed deep down in every heart
and mind.

Hark! There are other sounds beside the Channel
wave,

Sunday, March 8th

The Sabbath hymn, "Eternal Father strong to save,"
Comes up in sonorous tones; to hear the sailors' choir
Imparts a sense of reassuring peace and calm,
Which all sea-faring souls at some time may require

Monday, March 9th

To face the turbulent elements. Soon the charm

Tuesday, March 10th

And grandeur of Atlantic billows force their way

Wednesday, March 11th

Into that great sea-basin, mighty Biscay Bay.
Then we arrive in quiet Tagus harbour whence
So many of the world's great voyages have sprung;

Thursday, March 12th

Continuing southward closely skirting coastline. thence,
Those capes where deeds renowned have often time
been sung.

Friday, March 13th

Here lies the grand approach to Gates Herculean.
Peaks

Of two Continents stand as guards immovable

Saturday, March 14th

Watching Gibraltar Straits. With Sphinx like silence
Speaks

Our great Europa, fortress irreprovable.

Sunday, March 15th

Bathed in a glorious sun the voyager now glides
To wider waters, while the coastline on both sides

Monday, March 16th

Recedes to make our entrance welcome. Colder winds
Must be encountered though, 'ere the next port of call
On Afric's shore, where promontories form a wall

Tuesday, March 17th

Until our favoured vessel pleasant mooring finds
At quaint Biserta. There how picturesque a throng

Wednesday, March 18th

Awaits our coming! Was it thus at Carthage when
Phœnicians founded that "New City" now among

Thursday, March 19th

Ruins of ancient greatness? One night at sea. Then
A pleasant morning call at Syracuse reminds

Friday, March 20th

One of Greek festivals, of wars, and Roman ways,
When speed was not the same as in our modern days,
For on we sail again toward southern latitudes.

Saturday, March 21st

At Alexandria one golden afternoon,
Leaving immediately, return is promised soon

Sunday, March 22nd

As we are due at Jaffa. Words are platitudes,
They must be kindled by imagination to
Give adequate description of the Holy Land.

Monday, March 23rd

This little sprig of fragrant myrrh held in ones hand
Recalls those Bible stories, poems, prayers, and psalms,
Translated when our English tongue was at its best
And noblest: never failing wisdom.

Tuesday, March 24th

Hitherto

Our voyage has been eastward bound, now to the
strains

Of "Holy City" and "Sweet Home" we face the West

Wednesday, March 25th

By south to visit Egypt. Through Africa's most
 Ancient seaport noble Alexandria, where
 The modern Faro, sheds forth beams which justly boast
 True lineage to its former namesake standing there
 One of those famous seven wonders of the world
 Guarding the entrance gate to proud and lordly Nile.

Thursday, March 26th

Threshold of antiquity! Cairo's Sphinx disdains
 T'import those secrets lodged within her all this
 while,

Yet science ever found a magic golden key
 T'unlock the stubborn door of hidden mystery;

Friday, March 27th

The land of pyramids perchance holds priceless store
 For future service as in granaries of yore.

Saturday, March 28th

A north-west course pursued brings those fair isles in
 view

Like unto gems which still th' Ægean sea bestrew.
 While coasting Crete ones eyes surrounding water scan

Sunday, March 29th

And in imagination see those Knights of Rhodes
 Who bore their banner bravely in St. John's defence,
 For Europe and the world 'gainst tyrant Suliman.

Monday, March 30th

Our ship approaches Athens; o'er Phaleron Bay
 ('The noble marble Parthenon surmounting all)
 That glorious city rules; pride of classic time,
 whence

Sprang those streams of Helicon, Parnassian odes,
 Europe's earliest poems quoted by St. Paul.

Wednesday, April 1st

Beyond Ionian Isles and Adria's coasts (whose caves
 With legandary scenes imaginations fill)
 A sister city dwells in a more northern clime—

Thursday, April 2nd

Fair Venice has both charm and beauty all her own
 Either in brilliant day or hazy evening time,
 Viewed from the sea (her home is on the waves)
 Marvels of hue and wond'rous workmanship are shown.

Friday, April 3rd

A few days contrast full of modern commerce at

Saturday, April 4th and Sunday, April 5th

Trieste and Fiume, busy sea towns both,

Monday, April 6th ; Tuesday, April 7th

Wednesday, April 8th

With pretty Abbazia 'neath her wooded heights.

Thursday, April 9th

Then t'awake one morn at Patras seems a dream, nay
Rather fleeting vision of Corinthian hills, that
Charm the traveller's eye and make one truly loth
To leave th' enchanted spot for unexplored delights,
But western Italy's fair shores ever allure

Friday, April 10th

Thither. Yet, oh! what devastation meets the eye—
Messina's latest earthquake left an ugly scar,
And in the midst of life we know that some must die.

Saturday, April 11th

To reach the gay Palermo 'tis not very far,
All bathed in brilliant sunshine with a sea so blue
So calm and clear, a rival is't not true

Sunday, April 12th

To Naples? that fair crowning finis to the cruise.
One of "Earth's Fiery Fountains" oh! Vesuvius!
Still weeping streams of lava which thy fair face
bruise.

Farewell, Ivernia! for now our ways must part.
Adieu to kindly officers and worthy crew.
Ivernia, it was indeed farewell to you,
A long farewell, for your adventures in the art
Of navigation came to an untimely end;
Victim of Germany's foul deeds near France's shore
(Our valiant ally whom you aided to befriend)
In the great cause of righteousness) you sank. Suffice
To say it was a truly gallant sacrifice,
Not made in vain if Peace while crowning Victory
brings

Contentment, happiness, a better state of things,
When all the nations shall acknowledge evermore
That system wisely ordered when this world began,
The Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.

April, 1919.

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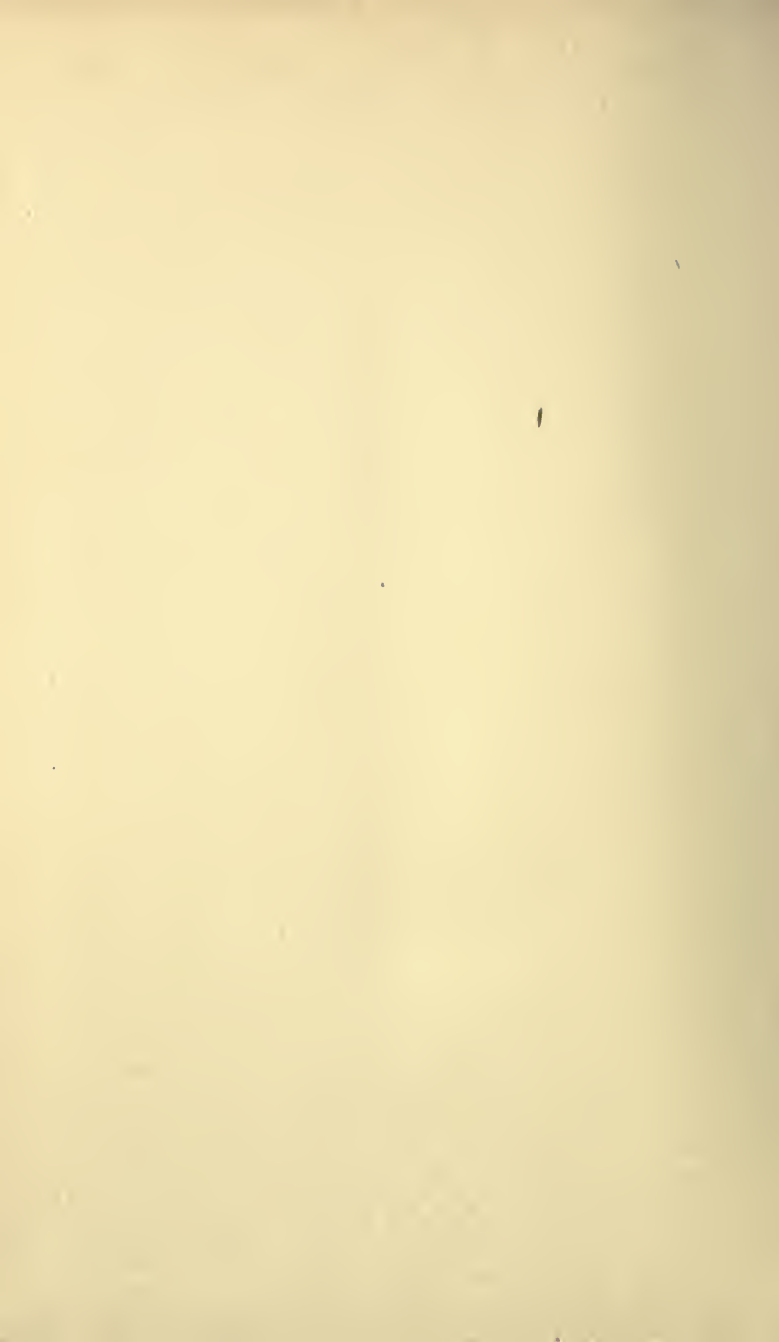
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